



# Army Man

**America's Only Magazine**

Astonishingly Primitive Debut Issue!

Second Printing  
Not A Collector's Item

# #1

## The Employment Counselor

Don't expect to just waltz in on your first day and be accepted by the other employees of the tanning parlor. Tradition demands an initiation period. The important thing is not to "break" under all the hazing. Let's say someone whacks your thermos with a tanning wrench, shattering the delicate liner. You may be shocked to find your iced tea full of broken glass, but brother, you'd better just drink it all down. Otherwise, they'll leave you alone, but they'll never respect you.

## Needed

What this country needs is a good five-cent sports car.



## Question

If they can put a man on the moon, why can't they put a drinking fountain on the moon?

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## **ASK UNCLE TRIVIA**

Q: How did the swizzle stick get its name?

A: The "stick" part comes from the resemblance between the plastic stirring rod and an ordinary wooden stick. As for the "swizzle" part -- who knows?

## Why I Love America

Why do I love America? Well, maybe "love" is a little strong... I mean, I think it's a good country. Definitely. But a lot of that is 'cause I was born here, and haven't seen that many other countries. Canada and Mexico, that's about it. I hear Sweden is really great. Man, I'd move there in a second. Just don't have the bucks.

## News You Can't Use

One of those weird sulfur-breathing tube worms that live on the ocean floor wriggled out of its tube yesterday and began stirring up sediment. Observers say the move may signal an impending power grab. So far, details are sketchy.

## A Plea For Sanity

In all the furor about salad spinners, has anyone thought to check with the lettuce?

## Today's Scripture

"Now it came to pass in the third year of Hoshea, the son of Elah, king of Israel, that Hezekiah, the son of Ahaz, king of Judah, began to reign."

-- 2 Kings 18:1

## A TRUE STORY

Some lobstermen from Maine were vacationing in New Orleans when they encountered a group of crayfishmen. Words were exchanged, and a fight broke out. Naturally, the crayfishmen got the worst of it.

Angry and humiliated at being beaten on home turf, the crayfishmen accosted a group of keychain salesmen. "What kind of keychains do you sell?" they demanded. "Oh, mostly miniature lobsters," the salesmen replied. "They're about inch-and-a-half long."

That was all the crayfishmen needed to hear. Within seconds, the keychain salesmen lay dazed on the sidewalk.

Later that night, the keychain salesmen ran into some microbiologists. "Microbiologists, huh? Ever work with any plankton that look like tiny lobsters, when viewed under a microscope?" "Why, yes," the microbiologists answered.

POW! BAM!

Battered and dizzy, but spoiling for a fight, the microbiologists roamed the streets of the French Quarter. Their only hope was to find a group of spies carrying microfilm of secret plankton research. And in fact, just such a group was visiting New Orleans that night, but on the other side of town, having decided that the French Quarter was touristy and overpriced. So the microbiologists were forced to take out their aggressions on an old security guard.

The next morning, the New Orleans police were baffled. But then again, police tend to be pretty clueless in general... even when it comes to picking a halfway decent wife.



"In a future life, you will be Shirley MacLaine."

### Ticking Ecological Nightmare

I don't want to frighten you, but we've got a situation on our hands. See, in the sixties everybody bought a beanbag chair, and in the seventies everybody threw it away. Now these things are buried in landfills, and their cheap vinyl covers are cracking and letting in moisture. And I don't need to tell you what happens to these "chairs" when all those beans start to sprout at once. Well, maybe I do. They explode! They blow sky-high! At least, that's the theory. We simply don't know. The important thing is, it's too late to do anything now.

If God were my co-pilot,  
I think I'd let Him  
handle almost all the  
routine flying. I might  
do the landings ... I'm  
pretty good at those.



*Where do law students  
study? In the lie-brary,  
of course. — Craig Henderson*

(We hope to publish more  
of Craig's work in the  
coming weeks and months.

-- Ed.)

### My All-Time Basketball Dream Team

- Forward -- Daryl Hannah
- Forward -- Lori Singer (Co-Captains)
- Center -- Lisa Bonet
- Guard -- Vanity
- Guard -- Amanda Pays
- Alternate -- The blonde in the Pearl Drops commercial
- Coach -- Traci Lords

# DEEP THOUGHTS

by Jack Handey

We like to praise birds for flying, but how much of it is actually flying, and how much of it is just sort of coasting from the previous flap?

\*

Many people don't realize that large pieces of coral, which have been painted brown and attached to the skull by common wood screws, can make a child look like a deer.

\*

Dad always thought laughter was the best medicine, which I guess was why several of us died of tuberculosis.

\*

Too bad steak isn't considered a precious metal, because I'd like to go into a restaurant and order a steak and then pay for it with a steak. It would give everyone a chill because they would be thinking, "What kind of a world have we gone and created here?"

\*

What if you get to heaven, and it's nothing but spiders. Spiders, everywhere. Finally, you see another person, but you turn him around in his revolving chair and see that he's covered with spiders! But then you wake up, and you realize, whew, it was all just a bad dream. But you look in the corner, and THERE'S A SPIDER PLAYING A HARP!! AGGGHHHHH!!!

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## Submissions Policy

Due to the tiny volume of mail we receive, we are able to acknowledge every submission with a heartfelt personal note, and occasionally even a gift.

## This Day in History

Five years ago today, waitresses began saying "Can I get that out of the way for you?"

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## Likes Song

Barbara Bush's favorite country song is "Don't Come Home From Drinkin' With Lovin' On Your Mind."

## Logrolling Corner

Hey, log-rollers! Here's a deadly little maneuver, sent in by Garth Hunsaker of Olympia, Washington:

Forwards, backwards  
Forwards, forwards  
Backwards-backwards-backwards

Gets 'em every time!

\*

Instead of raising your hand to ask a question in class, how about individual push-buttons on each desk. That way, when you want to ask a question, you just push the button and it lights up a corresponding number on a tote board at the front of the class. Then, all the professor has to do is check the lighted number against a master sheet of names and numbers to see who is asking the question.

\*

As we were driving, we saw a sign that said "Watch For Rocks." Marta said it should say "Watch For Pretty Rocks."

I told her she should write in her suggestion to the highway department, but then she started saying it was a joke -- just to get out of writing a simple letter. And I thought I was lazy.

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## Words To Live By

"Having people think you're dead isn't the best thing to have happen to you if you're an actor. I'm sure there are many directors who may have thought about me for a role, but just said, 'No, he's dead.'"



## A New Wrinkle

Researchers have recently concluded that facial exercises, those odd contortions of the eyes, nose, and mouth intended to prevent wrinkles, actually cause wrinkles. This is kind of funny when you think about it. I like to picture an editor at Mademoiselle going over the magazine's eleventh annual feature on facial exercises. Really scrutinizing everything: drawings, graphics, text, layout -- the works. Maybe sending the whole thing back to be redesigned, until the entire package looks just right. And later feeling that glow of satisfaction from a job well done.

Then I like to imagine the typical reader, a twenty-nine-year-old merchandising coordinator, scrupulously following the wrinkle-promoting regimen, even when she's exhausted and just wants to crawl into bed. After all, isn't it worth ten minutes a night to look much, much older?



## Prank of the Week

Casually remark to your friend that he looks pale. Tell him he needs a shot of B-12. Then, secretly give him a shot of Novocaine. A few minutes later, tell your friend that you're going to drill a hole in your foot. Instead, secretly drill the hole in his foot. Then just sit back, and in an hour or so -- Yowee!

## Sex On Television

Some people say there's too much sex on network television. I have to ask these people, "Have you ever actually had sex? Do you recall anything about the experience? Now, when did you see that on network TV?"

You always hear how much sex there is on the soaps. They're nothing but sex, sex, sex. Maybe I've been watching the wrong ones. The ones I've seen have these great-looking couples who seem well-equipped for some sweaty gymnastic love-making. But instead, they just sit around in a living room listening to some old hag. Wow, great sex!

I think one reason printing presses are so noisy is so that if somebody yells "Stop the presses!", no one will hear him.

## MAN BITES DOG

That's news. Lately, however, ruthless publicity-seekers have been exploiting this important journalistic principle. Washed-up entertainers and struggling politicians are biting dogs at an alarming rate. Last week, amid popping flashbulbs, Sen. John Glenn (D-Ohio) tried to revive his VP prospects by repeatedly biting an unhappy Pomeranian. "He just kept biting me and biting me," the dog said later. "I felt like biting him!"

Most Adorable Company, 1988

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# The Royal Visitor

When Prince Charles came to our house, his staff told us that he had decided to have a typical home-cooked American meal. My mom hadn't counted on this, so each of us had to whip up one all-American dish, quick-like. I chose an easy one -- pork 'n' beans. But as I tossed the can in the trash, I started to feel a little guilty. After all, baked beans were pretty dull, even for us. I figured I should class them up a bit, so I removed the usual blob of pork fat and replaced it with a nice lean chunk of pork tenderloin, grilled to perfection.

We all huddled in the kitchen as the Prince dined alone. When he had finished the meal, and two cups of Yuban, his reaction was relayed to us by his personal secretary. He found the food "delightful". His only complaint was that the pork in the pork 'n' beans was a bit greasy.

I was furious. Ignoring everyone's pleas, I stormed into the dining room and confronted our "royal" visitor. I really let him have it.

"You've got a helluva nerve, buddy! You come into our house and start giving orders like you're the Queen of England or something. Who died and made you king? Awwwwwww, so the pork wasn't up to your "royal standards" -- Boo-hoo! That's the saddest story ever told!

I got news for you, pal. Most people never even see any pork in their pork 'n' beans! The most they can hope for is a hunk of pork fat! So if "Your Majesty" didn't find it "acceptable" that's just too damn bad. Because that's the best we have to offer, and we aren't about to apologize for it!"

The Prince was stunned. Clearly, no one had ever dared speak to him in this manner. For a moment, his jaw worked soundlessly in his crimson face. Then he sprang out of his chair and got me in a headlock. I tried to bend his fingers back, but he was much stronger than I'd imagined. He tightened the grip on my windpipe until my head swam and I passed out.

When I came to, I was still in the headlock, only now the Prince was kneeling me in the face. Desperately, I grabbed at his hair, only to feel a stab of pain as his teeth sank into my thumb. I could feel myself starting to black out again. Why wasn't my family helping me? As I began to lose consciousness, the awful truth finally hit me.

He had bought them off with his enormous wealth!

→ →  
Coming in Next Month's Army Man

## Hard Sell

The Frosting Council is having a hard time finding a spokesperson for its new ad campaign, with the slogan, "Eat Big Cans of Frosting, Y'All."

"The gods are angry"?  
What the hell for?  
They've got a pretty sweet deal!

## You Men

Here's some free advice:  
Never go on a blind date with a "dynamite lady".

## Wacky Weddings

- \* If Sheila Fucking married Steve Asshole she'd be Sheila Fucking Asshole.
- \* If Crystal Gayle married Billy Crystal she'd be out of her mind.

## The Go-Getter's Creed

As soon as you get out of bed, rush to the mirror and repeat the following in a loud, ringing voice:

"I have the mind of a sleek, powerful thoroughbred."

"Every muscle, every tendon, every nerve in my body crackles with the voltage of a runaway dynamo."

"Every vitamin I need for peak performance surges through my bloodstream in terrifying quantity."

"I am evolution's most exalted achievement; the quintessence of the sublime; the resplendent jewel of all Creation."

"I can sell ANYTHING!!!"

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A job worth doing is worth doing. Right?

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**Starving baby eats diaper**



# child of war

I served in the Korean conflict at the age of three, and attended elementary school on the GI Bill. My earliest memory is of the retreat of the First Marines from the Choisin Reservoir through a hellscape of frozen, blasted rock. I ate dog in Korea -- a child's portion, of course. Back in the States, first grade seemed like a dream-world to me. There I was, the youngest second lieutenant in the history of American arms, reading about a pair of civilians named Dick and Jane, who knew nothing of lines of fire, or anti-tank warfare, or the terrible things high-speed metal can do to human flesh and bone. I might have been sitting at my desk, but in my mind, I was far away, grappling with the tactical problems of the modern battlefield. My teachers had no idea what to make of the drawings of military ordnance which filled the margins in all my workbooks, but the summer after third grade, I ran into General Mark Clark, then Army Chief of Staff, at a shopping-center opening near my house. I showed him one of my blueprints -- a prototype for a midget tank equipped with howitzers, electric missiles, and BB machine guns, which could travel at speeds of seven miles a second. He immediately phoned my parents, and after some discussion, it was agreed that I should transfer to the United States College of Army Guys, located in Olathe, Kansas.

I graduated two years later, with honors in knife-fighting and building forts. I was still a month shy of my ninth birthday. Commissioned a Major, I was sent on my first field assignment -- advisor to the Free French forces in North Africa. Through mud and rock and sand we

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## Admired

Rosey Grier is the most admired man in America, a recent poll shows.

When you watch those Olympic weightlifters this summer, I know what you're gonna think. You're gonna think, "Hey, that looks easy. I could do that." Try it sometime, if it's so easy. Six hundred pounds is heavier than you think.

A motorcycle crack-up isn't what it's cracked up to be.

## Literary Notes

Few books leave a deeper impression on readers young and old than John Steinbeck's classic, The Pearl. Interestingly, the novel is an extensive reworking of Steinbeck's original draft, which was entitled The Wallet.

fought our way to the Mediterranean, then landed at Normandy, and at last marched into Paris. It had already been liberated, though, more than a decade previously. I took full responsibility for the error; never again would I disregard the reports of my intelligence staff. From there I was sent to Indochina, where I lived as a foreign exchange student with the Giap family, in a suburb of Hanoi. For a year, General Giap was An-An (Daddy) to me. One day, we would meet again, only this time, as deadly enemies.

-- Ian Frazier

Clifford "Cliff" Diver didn't want to pursue the obvious career, so he started a small software company. But every day, he could feel the pull of Acapulco. Finally, he gave in and moved to Mexico.

His wife warned him he'd break his neck, and on his very first dive, he did. But the bones healed quickly, and a week later he tried again. Again, he broke his neck, only this time it healed even faster. Soon, Cliff found he could break his neck in the morning and be ready to dive again that evening.

I think you can guess the rest...

### Gone, All Gone

Do you still have the adorable crayon drawings you made in kindergarten? I don't. Not a one. Which means that at one point, many years ago, the following thoughts must've gone through my mother's mind: "Hmm, what's this? Oh, I see. It's that irreplaceable drawing by my firstborn son ... the one he proudly brought home from school. I'll just put this in the garbage." Then, as time went by: "Oh, another one of my child's drawings. What is it that I do with these again? Oh, yes -- I throw them in the trash. That's right." Eventually, her brain probably got it down to "Art -- Son -- Trash." And on the days when my mom was sick, and didn't get around to throwing my artwork away, my dad would do it.

I'm not bitter. I know they had good reasons for discarding virtually everything I ever drew, wrote, collected or pasted together during my one and only childhood. I love my parents. There's nothing I wouldn't do for them.



Christmas without Elvis

Frazier

Life's a game, but some of us settle for the home version.

Army Man is published by Army Man Publishing, 3835 Northbrook Dr., Boulder, CO 80302. Copyright 1988 by Andy Breckman, Ian Frazier, Jack Handey, George Meyer and Mark O'Donnell.

## complimentary

For a limited time, all contributors to Army Man will receive a complimentary video cassette. You may choose any motion picture from the list below. All films are recorded on the finest Super-Avilyn tape stock, for up to 300 trouble-free viewings.

"**Going Apel!**" ★ (1981) Tony Danza, Jessica Walter. A rich man's son has to baby sit his father's three pet orangutans for five years in order to inherit \$5 million.

"**Free Ride**" ★ (1986) Gary Hershberger, Reed Rudy. A preppie and his buddy stash mob money in the bottom of a nude statue at a girls finishing school. 'R'

"**Meatballs III**" ★ (1987) Sally Kellerman, Patrick Dempsey. A porn-movie queen who died on the job tries to get to heaven by helping a summer-camp nerd make friends with girls. 'R'

"**Day of the Animals**" ★★ (1977) Christopher George, Lynda Day George. Animals attack a guide, a newswoman, an adman and other hikers because aerosol sprays have depleted the ozonosphere.

"**Monkeys, Go Home!**" ★★ (1967) Maurice Chevalier. The heir to a French olive farm shocks a local priest and villagers by having trained monkeys pick his crop.

"**King Crab**" ★★★ (1980) Barry Newman, Julie Bovasso. Two brothers, rivals since childhood, fight bitterly over their family's New England seafood business. 105 mins.

"**Dying Room Only**" ★★★ (1973) Cloris Leachman, Ross Martin. A woman's husband goes into the restroom of a roadside diner but does not come out. 90 mins.

"**Cyclone**" ★ (1987) Heather Thomas, Jeffrey Combs. Double agents kill an inventor for his hydrogen-powered motorcycle, but his girlfriend will not let them have it. 'R'

"**Delivery Boys**" ★ (1985) Joss Marciano, Tom Sierchio. Hookers, sculptors and ex-Nazis detain three pizza-delivery boys on the night of their big break-dancing contest. 'R'